THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 1, 1806.

## FRENCH DINNERS.

[From Mr. Pinkerton's Recollections of Paris.]

THAT solemn hour of conviviality called a dinner, alike agreeable to infancy, youth, and age, is celebrated in a very different manner in France from our general old English habits. While we dine in a warm parlour, covered with a thick Turkey carpet, in France it is often a marble saloon; and it is fortunate if there be a mat under the table, or a few cushions for the feet of the guests. If the lady love music, perhaps there is no carpet any where, that the sound may not be injured. This want of carpets is very general, though it be an easy manufacture, which might consume the coarse wool of the country. Those of La Savonnerie are too expensive, and are reserved for the drawing-room. This is certainly a great inconvenience, especially in winter; and an Englishman is still more surprized when he finds not a bit of carpet in his bed-room, though the floor be often formed of cold tiles. In like manner the hall of the general assembly, &c. was uncarpeted; whence the feet becoming chilled, the head became hot, and the consequences are known to all Europe.

Sometimes the covers bear the name of each guest; but, in general, the mistress of the house points out the places, a stranger, or man of distinction, being on either hand, while the master has in like manner a lady on each side, and the sexes are as much intermingled as possible, an usage recently adopted by ourselves. The universal use of napkins is convenient: the persons of the family fold them in a particular manner, or distinguish them by a bit of riband, so that each may always have recourse to his own; while a guest only puts

his carelessly on the table; for if he folded it, it would be humourously taken as a hint that he intended to dine there on the morrow.

In the winter, a good French dinner often begins with oysters, which are commonly accompanied with white wine, especially *chablis*, particularly agreeable on that occasion. The use of red wine with oysters shews a great want of *savoir vivre*, and is even pernicious to the health, as it generally produces indigestion. The oysters at Paris are tolerable, but never so white as those brought to London. The soup follows, without which there is no French dinner; they regarding it as a necessary preparation of the stomach for the due digestion of more solid food. It is commonly followed by a libation of ordinary wine; which they regard as so wholesome after soup, that, the proverb says, 'the physician thus loses a fee.' The soup generally does credit to the French beef, which is excellent. In a small family, the pot of earthen-ware is put by the side of the fire, and continues simmering from eight in the morning 'till four or five in the afternoon, when the produce is a luscious banquet, equally agreeable to the palate and to the stomach. An English traveller assured me, with great emphasis, that he had repeatedly tried to prepare such a dish from English beef, but without success: the failure he attributed to the very nature of the animal, and the climate; the juices being more matured and exalted by the warmth of the temperature; 'for see,' says he, 'how much more glowing and expressive are those girls fluttering around us, than the watery beauties of the north!" My epicure pursued his comparison, in the full conviction that French beef is as superior in juice and flavour as their peaches.

The soup is constantly followed by the boiled beef, or *bouille*, which is, however, sometimes preceded by anchovies to stimulate the palate and appetite. If the soup be rich, the beef in this state is rarely acceptable to an English palate, as it often appears in exhausted threads; but some parts, after yielding an excellent soup, are still very palatable. To serve melons at a desert would, in France, be accounted a gross impropriety: melons and green figs are only eaten, when in season, with the boiled beef, and in this way melons never incommode the stomach. The mustard also is far superior to our's, being prepared with different flavours, and without that fiery quality which interrupts the guests by fits of coughing. In the winter the beef is often accompanied with tomates, or love apples, a new dish, imported from Italy.

Small plates of radishes, eggs, &c. with butter of Bretagne, in little pots, from what are called the *hors d'œuvres*, or extraordinaries; but the delicious pastry, called *petits pates*, have an almost exclusive right to follow the boiled beef. The *hors d'œuvres*

*d'auvres* are followed by the *entrees* of fowl in various shapes, fricassees, fricandeux, cutlets, sweetbreads, &c. Among these, pigeons stewed with green pease, or in winter with *falsasi*, cut small, form an agreeable dish, little known in England.

The vegetables are served apart, and are set by themselves. Many of them are kept in perfection by the gardeners during many months, particularly artichokes, justly reputed among the most wholesome. A great singularity of the French table is, that fish is served last, at least at all moderate and daily tables. When there is a solemn *roti*, roasted turkey, lamb, &c. forming the second or third service, as the desert forms the last, the warm-fish has already been eaten at the end of the preceding course: but few persons retain appetite even for a small morsel of the *roti*; and if the fish be cold, such as pike, &c. it follows the *roti*. This custom seems far more agreeable to the stomach, and by practice is to be found so, than our fashion of beginning with the fish, a crude food, of little nutrition, and often of difficult digestion. Indeed it has often appeared to me, from long experience, that what may be called the iatrical, or medical arrangement of French dishes, cannot be surpassed: and one would imagine, that the cooks had consulted beneficent physicians. A person who leaves England with so weak a stomach, that it has long refused the luxury of two dishes, may, without inconvenience, taste of twenty at a French repast.

Before, or upon the appearance of the *roti*, the ordinary wine is changed for the richer kinds of Burgundy or Bourdeaux. When the desert appears, the master and mistress have each a silver basket, full of clean glasses set before them, with a variety of *vins de liqueur*, or the most generous wines of France, Spain, Hungary, and other countries, at the choice of the guests. The conversation becomes extremely animated, and the ladies display their powers of wit and repartee. After the desert, coffee and liquors are often served in the same room; but at entertainments it is more usual to present them in the drawing-room; and after an hour or two of conversation, the company separate.

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## *INTERESTING DECISION.*

### COURT of CHANCERY, Saturday, August 16.

STEWARDS.

THIS is a case extremely interesting to all gentlemen of fortune and their stewards, as it shews what a court of

equity expects of the latter in matters of account with their principals. It was the case of a steward who had not rendered his accounts to his principal for 23 years; and an application had been made to the court to compel him to account; in the course of which application a great variety of particulars were discussed, and among the rest this question—Whether interest should be paid by a steward in any case for the money which he held belonging to his principal for this long period of time, or for any period?

Mr. Heel, on behalf of the steward, contended that he ought not to be charged with interest for money remaining in his hands belonging to his principal, because it had been permitted so to remain by that principal, and might be taken out of his hands at any time; he quoted a case from the books, in which it is stated, that Lord Alvanley decided, that if any gentleman should permit his steward to retain money in his hands, he should not in any case be compelled to pay interest for the use of such money.

The lord chancellor interrupted the learned counsel, and said, "I hope it never was said, I trust it never will be said, it certainly never will be said by me, that a steward shall pay no interest for money which may be retained by him for the period of twenty-three years, which ought, at short intervals, to be rendered by him to his principal. I shall certainly require him to show me how the money which has been in his hands for this long period of time has been employed, and even if he can shew that he has made no interest of it, yet if he, or his principal, might have made interest of it, I will make such a steward responsible for such interest to such principal.

The solicitor-general.—"Suppose, my Lord, that he had employed this money to build a house for the use of his principal, one year, and have pulled it down the next."

The lord chancellor.—Mr. Solicitor, I am afraid, that would have been but of little use to his principal. I agree perfectly in the reasoning of the case which has been stated in the argument, in which my Lord Rosslyn held, that it is the duty of a steward, without being called upon, to render his accounts at short intervals to his principal, instead of keeping his principal's money in his desk for twenty-three years, if he has made no use of it. There is an old vulgar proverb which is apposite here, "Short reckonings make long friends." For these reasons, his lordship continued his order to make the steward account for interest in this case.

TRIAL

## TRIAL OF ABEL CLEMENTS,

*For the Murder of his Wife and Eight Children!*

[From a New York Paper of the 6th ult.]

AT a district court holden at Morgantown, in May, the grand jury found an indictment against Abel Clements, for the murder of his wife and eight children. Only one judge (the Hon. Francis T. Brooke) being present, he petitioned the court to permit his trial to come on. Application was made by him to the Hon. J. G. Jackson and P. Doddridge, Esqrs. to be his counsel; but Mr. Jackson and Mr. Doddridge differing in opinion with respect to the course proper to be pursued in his defence, Mr. Doddridge declined having any thing to do with it, and the defence was conducted by Mr. Jackson alone.

On the second day of the term, Clements was brought to the bar, and his petition being read, the judge interrogated him respecting its contents, and his sanity of mind. He declared that he wished his trial to come on, and that he was then in his senses. He was immediately arraigned, and pleaded Not Guilty. In selecting the jury he made his own challenge, his counsel being silent. He appeared anxious to select men of the most respectable and genteel appearance.

George Nicely, the first witness examined by the prosecutor, testified, that he had purchased the prisoner's lease and crop, and went to his house early on Monday morning, the — of November, 1805, to get permission of the prisoner to put the corn on the upper floor (the prisoner having made arrangements to depart with his family for the state of Ohio, on the Wednesday following). He got to the prisoner's house about sun up or a little after, and found the door shut. He heard no noise, but knocked at the door; the prisoner answered, "wait a little, and I will let you in directly." He stepped back from the door three or four steps, and stood; he heard some person walking briskly across the floor, and heard the shaking of clothes, as if some person were spreading them. In about seven or eight minutes the prisoner unbolted the door, and let the witness in. A little girl, the niece of the prisoner, was sitting by the fire. The prisoner stood by the fire-place, and began to rub his hands and pick his clothes. He unbuttoned his trowsers, stripped them down to his heels, then buttoned them again, took off his shoes, and put them on, then scraped some rotten wood from the back log, and rubbed his hands with it. The witness then remarked to him, he seemed to be in trouble—what is the matter? He replied, he had been in

trouble

trouble for some time. The witness supposed he was disturbed about moving from the country, having frequently, in the course of the last three or four weeks, seen him in a melancholy situation, wringing his hands, muttering to himself. He began to expostulate with him, told him it was useless to be uneasy, he would soon get over it. The prisoner became more composed. The witness then asked if he might put the corn on the upper floor: prisoner replied he should not, he had some rye and oats there, and the joists had been broke by putting corn there before, and said he should not be ready to move on Wednesday. While they were talking, the prisoner took out a pocket-knife and whitled a stick. The witness went from the house, took off his saddle, and turned his horse loose; went back to the house and asked the prisoner, who was standing in the door, if he might put his saddle in the house. Prisoner told him to throw it behind the door, which he did. When in the house, the witness had a view of two beds from behind a half partition; the clothes were smooth upon them, as though they had not been slept in. He saw no blood either on the prisoner or about the house. When the witness left the house, he went on the road towards Clarksburgh, which was about a mile distant. On his way he met Isaac Clements, the prisoner's brother, riding in a brisk trot towards the prisoners house, but did not speak to him. Witness went to J. G. Jackson's, and after some time heard that Clements had murdered his family. He, with Colonel Jackson, immediately ran as fast as he could to the house, where he found the prisoner's brother Isaac, his mother, and his sister with her husband, and one or two others. The prisoner was gone. The brother appeared much distressed, but neither the mother or sister were greatly affected. The bodies were all laid at their length on their backs in beds, and witness thought their faces had been wiped with a wet cloth.

Isaac Clements testified, that he got to the house he supposed about sunrise, though he had met Nicely on the road. The prisoner was sitting by a fire, whitling a stick, but stepped almost directly out of the door. Witness saw some appearance of blood, and asked the little girl where the family were; the child replied she did not know. He stept to the bed to waken one of the boys to feed his colts. The paleness of the face struck him, and he immediately called to the prisoner, "what is the matter with the child?" He replied, "nothing." He snatched the clothes off his bed, and perceived they were murdered! at the same instant snatched the clothes off the mother's bed, and perceived she was killed also! In the first moment of horror witness knew not what he did. He told the prisoner he had killed his family, and asked what would become of him? Prisoner replied, he hoped to go to Heaven; and said,

said, that while he was hunting his horses, some person came in and killed them. Witness then sent the little girl to her grandmother, who lived about half a mile distant. He could give no distinct account of what he was about, in the absence of the little girl, and before the arrival of the mother. When the mother came, saw her go up to the prisoner, and speak with him, but did not hear what passed. The prisoner's sister and her husband, ——— Rowan, came with her mother.

This witness, upon being examined, said, that he had found a will made by the prisoner, in a book, but could not recollect whether this will was found on the day of the murder or afterwards; neither could he state to whom the book belonged in which the will was found. He said that the will was not in his possession; he left it in the court house at the called court. He also stated, that some time before the murder, he heard the mother say, that the prisoner was out of his head, and ought to be blooded. He understood from his mother that the prisoner had appointed that he should meet him at a particular place, on a certain day; he went, but did not see the prisoner.

——— Rowan testified, that on Sunday evening before the murder, he and his family were at the prisoner's house until nine o'clock. One of the prisoner's children was absent at an uncle's, and another had been sent to hurry it home. It was late before it arrived. The prisoner seemed uneasy, and talked of going after them if they did not come—he talked also of whipping them. Early on Monday morning the little girl came down, and said her uncle Isaac was frightened to death, and her uncle Abel's family all murdered. He set off immediately, and met Isaac some distance from the house, making great lamentations. They went back together. The prisoner was standing by the fire in a melancholy posture. The dead bodies were all covered up in the bed, and Isaac threw the clothes off and shewed them to him. At that time he did not notice in what situation the dead bodies lay. He went directly to tell the dead woman's mother, who lived about two miles distant. He told no person what had happened until on his return. When he went away, he left the prisoner in the house, and his mother and brother Isaac in the door; no other person there. Upon examinig the dead bodies after his return, they were all laid out at their length upon their backs, and their eyes closed. They found two axes bloody, the handle broke off one, and the axe lying by the murdered woman.

Colonel George Jackson testified, that when he got to the prisoner's house with Nicely, the morning after the murder, they were first met by the prisoner's mother, who exclaimed that the family was murdered and robbed. He inquired what had become of the prisoner; she replied, she believed or ex-

pected he had hung himself. Witness called aloud for prisoner, believing if he heard witness's voice, he would answer, but no answer was returned. Upon examining the dead bodies, found that the woman had received two blows on the forehead with the pole of an axe; that all the others had been killed at one blow on the side or forepart of the head, with the pole or edge of an axe; and witness believed that all had received instantaneous death, except two of the children who had struggled a little. He examined Isaac Clements about the appointment mentioned in his testimony. Isaac informed him of the time and place. He went with others to the place at that time. No person was there; but saw fresh tracks of an horse. He had seen the will mentioned by Isaac; believed it the prisoner's hand-writing. This will devised the property to Isaac and the mother, except some legacies to those to whom the prisoner was indebted. About nine days after the murder, the prisoner surrendered himself to the witness, and his son J. G. Jackson. The prisoner was a close but honest man, and apparently attached to his family. Some time before the murder, prisoner had sold his crop to the witness; had requested and obtained a rue bargain. He again applied to the witness to take it, and pressed him much to do it—among other expressions, prisoner said, " For God's sake take it; you will save me and my family," or " my wife and family," witness did not recollect which. Colonel Jackson remembered the day of the month this conversation happened; the will bore date the same day.

Mrs. Davison testified, that she directed the laying out of the dead bodies. They could not find sufficient linen for that purpose, although the people were supposed to have plenty of such things. In examining for that purpose, they found a bundle of clothes tied up and thrown on the loft. In this bundle they found a small child's frock much blooded, and also a man's shirt, the sleeves and breast of which were very bloody. The shirt was otherwise clean, and of the same size and description of linen with one found on one of the dead bodies. The morning before the prisoner was removed from Clerksburg gaol, she asked him if it was jealousy made him kill his wife. He answered " it was not," without adding any thing more.

Colonel Jackson was further examined. He said he thought the first blow was given to the woman, and the handle broke from the axe. The shirt mentioned by Mrs. Davison, appeared to him to be a clean shirt, that had not been worn after it was washed. The blood, he thought, got on it by being bundled up with the bloody frock. Here the testimony on the part of the prosecution closed.

Mr. Webster, examined in behalf of the prisoner, testified, that three or four weeks before the murder, he did some busi-

ness with the prisoner, who talked much about his family, said he was afraid they would suffer. After the witness left the prisoner he called him back, and talked about moving away; about his large helpless family; complained he had got sick, and could not support them; was afraid they would come to want. The prisoner was careful and accurate in his business; at all times seemed fond of his family.

Mr. Maxwell testified, that three or four days before the murder, he lost his way, and fell in with the prisoner, who was driving a cart. He spoke several times to the prisoner, who made no answer, but sat in the cart with a melancholy look, breaking and chewing a small switch which he had in his hand, and occasionally rubbing his clothes. The witness followed the cart, told where he was going, and that he had lost his way. The prisoner replied, "I guess you have," but said no more. The prisoner seemed to take but little notice of the road, and when he had been several times spoken to, and made no answer, the witness asked him when he would move, he said, "when he was fixed." Witness still followed him. After some time the prisoner got out of the cart, and walked into the woods; at the same time waving his hand, he said, the road turns out yonder. The witness found the road at the place the prisoner pointed at.

Mr. Gillis testified, that shortly before the murder, he overtook the prisoner, about the break of day, on the road towards town, without his hat, and his clothes in much disorder. Prisoner said he was going to town about some business, but turned back on seeing his sister's son before him in the road. The witness believed the prisoner was friendly to his family, and that he appeared rather melancholy than insane.

Mr. Carpenter testified, that he and the prisoner married sisters; that the prisoner sometimes pouted a little in his family, but never abused them. The prisoner's mother had once requested the witness to talk to him on religious subjects, which he did. The prisoner said but little, except "that he was too great a sinner to expect mercy."

Colonel Fowther testified, that he had known the prisoner eight or nine years. He always seemed fond of his family. Never noticed him in despondence, except once, when he was arrested for debt. Witness then went his bail. This business was unsettled; and on Sunday before the murder happened, he heard the prisoner would soon move. He went with a brother who was his security, to hunt him, to try and secure themselves. They found him with his mother and others. When they spoke about the business, the mother called them aside, and begged they would not speak to him about the business, for he was crazy, and it would make him worse. When they talked to him, he hung his head and said nothing.

Mr. Linsly testified, that he heard the prisoner, when alone, conversing as if in company with several persons. For three weeks before the murder, witness worked with the prisoner. He seemed melancholy, and did not work, or attend to his business. His wife was uneasy, and apprehensive that he would do himself some injury. The day Maxwell saw him with the cart, she was very uneasy, and was about to go after him. He appeared very fond of his children, and kind to his wife.

Mrs. Lazier was sworn for the prisoner, but examined by the prosecutor. She testified, that she lived near neighbour to the prisoner, but had not seen him for some time before the murder; she stopped at his yard fence, and talked to him. He seemed serious, but talked rational; conversed about moving, and said he would move in a boat, only his wife was afraid. Witness had heard before this that the prisoner was crazy.

The gaoler of Harrison, where the prisoner was first confined, testified, that he sometimes appeared to be crazy; but whenever his brother came in, he talked rational. He ate hearty, and appeared to be in his reason, though at times melancholy.

One Cunningham, who stood indicted for grand larceny, and was confined in the district gaol when the prisoner was first confined there, testified, that the first evening the prisoner was confined in the gaol with him, he heard him exclaim to himself, "What a wretch am I, to kill so many innocent ones!" and the next day made use of similar expressions. That on the 30th of April last, the prisoner said to the witness, "Cunningham, you know I was not in my senses when I came, but I am willing to die for the charge. If I had my family as they were this time last year, ten thousand mountains of gold should not part us."

Mr. Jackson, in his address to the jury, after having deprecated the prejudice which existed against the prisoner, contended that if he was guilty of killing his wife and children, it must have been in a paroxism of phrenzy—and on this ground alone he rested the prisoner's defence. He went into a long discussion of the testimony, and attempted to demonstrate from it, that the prisoner was insane at the commission of the act.

The prosecutor, in reply, contended that the testimony only went to prove the prisoner melancholy; and this melancholy was accounted for by its appearing from his conversation with Colonel Jackson, and other circumstances, particularly the will, that he had predetermined to commit the murder.

The jury were out about an hour, and returned with a verdict—"Guilty of Murder in the first degree." When this verdict was announced to the prisoner, he heard it without the slightest

slightest emotion or change of countenance, and manifested the same stupid indifference that had marked his conduct ever since his confinement.

He was sentenced to be executed the 30th of June.

## NAVAL ACTION.

AN officer lately arrived with dispatches from admiral the earl of Lauderdale. The officer came last from Boulogne, and states that at his departure from the gallant admiral, the British and French fleets were in view of each other, and had actually exchanged some shots. The following is a list of the force on each side:

| English Fleet. | *Guns.* | French Fleet. | *Guns.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ocean | 120 | Continent | 100 |
| Commerce | 100 | Monopoly | 84 |
| Constitution | 74 | Revolution | 74 |
| Liberty | 74 | Despot | 74 |
| Justice | 74 | Oppression | 74 |
| Volunteer | 74 | Conscript | 74 |
| British Tar | 74 | Voltigeur | 74 |
| Loyalist | 74 | Disturber | 74 |
| Puffendorff | 64 | Abbe Sieyes | 64 |
| Grotius | 60 | Hobbes | 60 |

Pegler, Lyel, and Basilico ketches.

The Ocean is the flag-ship of the English admiral, assisted by Captains Maddison, and Dugald Stuart. The Continent is the flag-ship of the French admiral, M. Talleyrand, formerly bishop of Autun, and now duke of Benevento.

The dispatches were immediately communicated to ministers, who observe the most profound silence respecting their contents; but we have been able to collect the following particulars upon this interesting subject, from the messenger:—The Peace, of and belonging to Europe, a ship of immense value, has been missing since the commencement of the present war, a space of nearly three years, and her owners have been, in consequence, subject to great loss, expence, and other inconvenience. She was freighted with a great variety and abundance of articles of the first necessity, most of them essential to the health, wealth, and happiness of the nations of Europe. She has, of course, been sought for with proportional diligence and zeal, by the parties interested in her recovery.

The Peace had disappeared nearly in the same manner at the breaking out of the French revolution, and a great number

of first-rate men of war were sent out upon a voyage of discovery, in search of her. They got sight of the Peace, off Luneville; and, after a long chace, she was come up with at Amiens. She was found in a miserable condition. Her rigging was all cut to pieces. She veered with every blast of wind, and refused the helm. Her timbers were all crank; and she, who used to carry a fine full sail, could now make no way, but rolled and tossed about with the tide, and threatened to go every minute to the bottom. Indeed, every experienced mariner allowed that the Peace was not sea-worthy, that she had not ballast or strength to weather a storm, that she was unsafe and insecure, and some even said, it was a shame to commit the lives and fortunes of his majesty's subjects to so fragile a vessel. In the first pursuit of the Peace, which would be called little better than a wreck, very great loss was sustained by the combined fleet. The Belgium, the Savoy, the Parma, the Stadtholder, and several other vessels, were taken by the enemy, foundered, or went to pieces.

The Peace having been lost again since the commencement of the present war, similar means have been resorted to for her recovery. The Russia, Austria, Sweden, and Britannia, were fitted out, and proceeded together in search of her; but without success, and with the loss of two fine frigates, the Naples and Hanover. Apprehensions were then entertained, that the Peace had gone to the bottom, and that her recovery was hopeless. It happened, however, that shortly after the treaty of Amiens, the Fox, one of our first English first rates, took advantage of a calm to visit the coast of France, and having fallen in with the Despot, Oppression, Injustice, and several other French ships, in whose company the Peace was lost sight of, learned several particulars of her former course and destination. With this advantage, and encouraged by a brave, able, and intelligent crew, admiral the earl of Lauderdale has been sent with the above force in pursuit of the long lost Peace. On the morning of Sunday, the 3d of August, 1806. the gallant admiral sailed with his fleet from the Downs, and stood over for the French coast; and on Tuesday, the 5th, he got a sight of the French force under Admiral Talleyrand. He immediately bore up, with his guns all prepared, and ready to open a tremendous fire. The enemy, however, it is said, declined an engagement, and the French admiral, availing himself of some light, whiffling airs, hauled his wind, and kept aloof with his stern to the British admiral, and close-reefed topsails. The latter, however, lost not a moment to manœuvre for the purpose of forcing the enemy to close action; he hung out the flag of defiance, and fired a shot at the French admiral, to bring him to. This took place on the morning of the 6th ultimo, at which time the earl of Lauderdale had neared

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the enemy; and when the Pegler schooner, which brought the dispatches to our Government, came away, the two fleets were drawn up in a line of battle, and a general engagement was hourly expected.

The messenger speaks in high terms of the ships composing the British force. The Commerce, the Justice, the British Tar, and the Ocean, particularly, were in fine condition, sound in every timber, and remarkably well found. They carry very weighty metal, and were considered invincible. The French ships, on the contrary, appeared to be in a very bad state; the crew of the Conscript was said to be under hatches; and the Continent, which appeared dreadly shattered by the late gales, and ready to go to pieces, was in tow of the Despot. The Oppression and Injustice were much strained, and had all their seams open; and the Revolution had lost all her sails and tackle. The Despot, and some other of the enemy's line were, however, in good order, and carried a press of sail, with a favourable wind. The recovery of the Peace would entirely depend upon the success of the British force, as she was distinctly seen in possession of the enemy. The principal danger to be feared was, that as the French admiral was upon his own shore, and had the advantage of the wind, he might avoid a general engagement; or that the English admiral might not be able to bring all his ships into action. The Ocean, the Volunteer, the British Tar, the Constitution, and some other of his heaviest ships, it was feared, would not be able to bring their guns to bear upon the enemy; and it was probable, that the whole of the enemy's fleet might come down upon the Grotius and Puffendorff, in which event, the latter would be *silenced* or driven upon shore, which was a dry *shelf*.

## THE NEW STAGE-COACH ACT.

THE regulations established in this act, by the care chiefly of Sir John Sinclair, are eminently judicious.

This act, passed for limiting the number of persons to be carried on the outside of stage-coaches, and regulating the conduct of drivers and guards, takes place on the 1st of September instant. Its principal regulations are, that no more than five persons shall be carried on or about the outside of any coach, chaise, or other carriage, drawn by less than four horses, between the 29th of September and the 1st of April in every year: coaches drawn by four or more horses are allowed to carry ten outside passengers only, exclusive of the coachman and the guard; and between the 1st of April and the 29th of September, no more than thirteen persons shall be carried on or about a coach, exclusive of the coachman and guard, under the

the fines and penalties contained in the act of the 28th Geo. III. commonly called Mr. Gamon's act. One person only to sit on the box with the coachman. No parcels or luggage to be loaded more than two feet above the roof of any coach, unless the same consist entirely of empty boxes or baskets, under pain of 20s. for every foot exceeding two; and if the owner is driving 40s. to be levied, on the view of a justice of the peace, or on the oath of a credible witness. The driver of any carriage stopping at any place where assistance can be procured, shall not quit the box until a proper person or persons shall hold the horses, or fore-horses, whilst the carriage stops, to prevent their running away; such person to hold them until the driver has returned to the box, and has in his hands the reins for guiding the horses, under forfeit of 40s. for each offence. And if the driver of any carriage, or the guard, is incapable of driving the same, or properly attending the same, by reason of intoxication, or otherwise, so that the safety of the passengers may be endangered; or if such driver or guard shall not duly account to his employer for all monies received for any passenger or parcel conveyed by such carriage, he shall be imprisoned in the gaol or house of correction for the jurisdiction in which the offence is committed, for any time not exceeding six, nor less than three calendar months.

Sir John Sinclair, in framing the first draught of these regulations, availed himself of the advice of the most candid, intelligent, and experienced coach-masters in England.

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## DESCRIPTION *of* GAETA.

GAETA, built by the Greeks, at the bottom of the gulph which the ancients called Formium, 15 leagues from Naples, and 25 from Rome, existed before the foundation of this latter town. According to Virgil, Æneas had his nurse interred there:

> "Tu quoque littoribus nostris Æneia nutrix,
> Æternam moriens famam, Gaieta, dedisti."

Antoninus repaired its port. After the fall of the empire, it was governed by dukes, who held it of the pope. Owing to the destruction of Formia and Minturna, it became most flourishing. Its neighbourhood is delightful. The Romans resorted to its coast as well as to that of Baya. It abounds with orange and lemon trees, myrtles and fragrant shrubs, through which ruins of old tombs are discoverable. The town still remains very strong. It is insulated, and communicates with the continent only by a small piece of land. The port, built in

a semi-circular line, is bordered with quays furnished with artillery, and some works advancing towards the sea. The castle, on the foreland of the gulph, was built in 1419, by Alphonsus, king of Arragon.

Strangers do not fail to visit in that town several monuments, such as the tomb of Lucius Munatius Claucus, which is called there La Torre d'Orlando, (Roland's Tower); another tower much older, called Latratime, from several figures with dogs heads that have been found in it; and the tomb of the constable, Charles de Bourbon, who died there while he was besieging Rome.

Within these 60 years, travellers were still shewn at one of the gates of the castle of Gaeta, the skeleton of that illustrious warrior, whom the popes would not allow to be interred in holy ground, because when he died, he was carrying on war against one of them. But the kings of the house of Bourbon put an end to that scandal, by having him properly buried in the principal church of Gaeta.

There are handsome pictures in that church, and a christening font, which is considered as a most valuable piece of antiquity: it is a vase supported by four lions, made of a single marble, with *basso relievos*, representing Ino sitting on a rock, and sheltering one of her children in her bosom against the rage of her husband Athamas. At the bottom is the name of Scalpio, an Athenian sculptor. On one side of the chief altar, a white marble pillar is preserved, which is carved from the top to the bottom, and is said to have been used for the temple of Solomon. Without the town, there is a rock cleft thorough, which is very likely the effect of an earthquake. According to an holy tradition, that event occurred at the time of our Saviour's death, and on that account the rock is visited as a place of great devotion. Ships as they pass by salute it.

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## PATRIOTISM *of* MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

GREAT and deserved honours have been paid in India to the memory of this distinguished patriot and statesman. Mr. Money, in his speech at the meeting assembled at Bombay, on November 27, 1805, when a motion was unanimously agreed to, for defraying the expence of erecting a mausoleum in honour of the deceased marquis, at Ghazeepore, introduced the following interesting anecdote:

"Greatly advanced in years, rich in honours, rich in the favour of his king, and the affections of his fellow subjects, although enjoying a necessary and dignified repose, suitable to his rank and age, and with little prospect of lengthening his space of life to the completion of another lustre, at the call of

his royal master, with all the alacrity of youth, he embarked again for these distant and unhealthy regions, exclaiming, "If I but render service to my country, it is unimportant to me, whether I die in Europe or in Asia." With the issue of this sublimely great and prophetic resolution, we are but too well acquainted. I have the authority of one who was honoured, to the last, with his personal and unreserved confidence, for declaring that the ruling passion of his heart was the "love of his country." To this he early sacrificed all other considerations most dear to his soul, and to this he finally sacrificed his life. When Wolfe, in the arms of victory, and in the agonies of death, hearing that the enemy had fled, cried, with expiring joy, "I die contented;" by these words he immortalized his name. Borne down by languor and debility, on the brink of the grave, the venerable Cornwallis, addressing himself to the same confidential friend, whose authority I have quoted, exclaimed, "I have no apprehensions of death, but I have an anxiety to live a few months, if it should please God, 'till I can see peace restored in India, and I will willingly resign my life into the hands of him who gave it." Surely this proof of an ardent and unabated spirit of patriotism, expressed in the pious language of a Christian, and while the lamp of life was burning with feeble and declining power, will immortalize his memorable name—"*Clarum et venerabile nomen.*"—A name dear to every British heart, and venerated in every Indian breast."

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## ANECDOTE *of* LORD CAMELFORD.

ENTERING one evening a coffee-house in Conduit-street, which his lordship frequented, meanly attired, as he often was, he sat down to peruse the paper of the day. Soon after came in a "dashing fellow," a "first-rate blood," who threw himself on the opposite seat of the same box with Lord Camelford, and in a most consequential tone bawled out, "Waiter! bring me a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them in the next box." He then drew to himself Lord C's. candle, and set himself to read. His lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but exerting his optics a little more, continued to decypher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and, with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone to that of Mr. ——, "Waiter, bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which Mr.——was, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury,

the indignant beau roared out, " Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the d—l is this fellow that *dares* thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" " Lord Camelford, Sir," said the waiter. " Who! Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible: horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence. " Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually *stole away*, without *daring* to taste his Madeira.

## GARDENS *in* IRELAND.

FYNES MORYSON, a minute observer, who travelled through Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, does not once mention a garden as appertaining either to a castle or to a monastery: he only says, " I observed that the best sort of flowers and fruits are much rarer in Ireland than in England, which, notwithstanding, is more to be attributed to the inhabitants than the air."

## PREVENTATIVE AGAINST FLIES.

THE following receipt for keeping flies out of apartments and stables, and driving them away from horses, was sold, in a sealed cover, at the Leipsic Michaelmas fair at a high price, and had a very extensive sale:

Put into an earthern pot half a pound of cantharides, and an ounce and a half of gourd seed; mother-wort, sassafras, root of St. John's wort, and spirit of ants, of each half an ounce; a quarter of an ounce of orpiment, and a good handful of savin, the whole cut small or reduced to powder; close the pot hermetically, luting the interstices of the lid with flour paste. After the contents of the pot have boiled sufficiently, take it from the fire, and let it stand 24 hours in a cool place; then uncover the pot, and with a feather smear the frames of the windows and doors, both of apartments and stables, from which you are desirous of keeping the flies. A single coat is sufficient for the whole season; but if the rain should chance to take it off, care must be taken to renew it.

The smell of this preparation, which is scarcely perceptible to man, is so insupportable to flies, that there is not a single instance of one having entered by an open window or door to which this liquid has been applied. To keep them away from the horses, it is sufficient to smear the harness, the girth, or the saddle, with this liquid.

*Answer, by J. S. of Exeter, to T. Rutger's Charade, inserted June 23.*

THE PAVILION, which shades us from bright Phœbus' ray,
I am sure will your residence stately display.

†§† We have received the like answer from Henry Stoneman, of Exeter; W. D. C. of Bridgewater; R. Gidley, jun. and P. C. of Dean Prior; John Woodman, jun. of North Curry; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and Rusticus, of Awliscombe.

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*Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to Rusticus's Rebus, inserted June 23.*

BRITAIN, thou favour'd, happy isle,
Amidst the din of war shall smile;
By STRACHAN guarded, and a British host,
Whose brav'ry's glorious, and their country's boast.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. Cross, of Bristol; J. S. H. Stoneman, W. Commins, and J. T. Symons, of Exeter; R. Gidley, jun. and P. C. of Dean Prior; W. D. C. of Bridgewater; William Varcoe, of Mevagissey; John Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; A. Dyer, of Taunton; Thomas Scadding, and T. Clarke, jun. of Wellington; J. Whittle of Upway; Sophia, of Modbury; J. Rowden, jun. of Heytesbury; and Castor, of Marazion.

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*A* CHARADE, *by Edwin.*

WHO is not my first when he puts round the bowl,
Is a dolt most deservedly reckon'd:
And if you're inclin'd to discover my whole,
Pray make a good use of my second.

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*A* CHARADE, *by J. Woodman, Jun. of North Curry.*

A Jewish month, ye gents. pray find;
My next a beast must likewise shew;
And when they are together join'd,
A metal surely comes to view. Bullion

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*A* REBUS, *by G. Coulman, of Broadhembury.*

INGENIOUS bards, pray make appear
Half of a town in Hertfordshire;
A well-known fish likewise expound;
And what's in winter useful found:
Now if you rightly these combine,
A British admiral you'll define.

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*A* REBUS, *by J. Jervis, of Dartmouth.*

SAGACIOUS bards, pray call to mind,
A beast that's useful to mankind;
My next in Flora's empire found,
It that with care you will expound;
One of old Neptune's tribe declare;
Lastly a bird that wings the air:
The initials will, when join'd aright,
Present a flower to your sight.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## SUNSET.

FAREWELL! thou glorious orb of light!
Parent of cheerful day!
That still illum'st yon western height
With many a lingering ray.

Oh! shall I ever live to see
Thy eastern pomp renew?
Or must I bid, to grief and thee
A long and last adieu?

This beauteous scene, that charms the sight
Of health's athletic throng,
I view, unconscious of delight,
And tune a mournful song.

Rack'd by a thousand pains I stray
To breathe the evening air;
But peace forsakes my lonely way,
And sorrow breeds despair.

Can past delights a charm impart?
Can memory soothe my cares?
No: memory wings the venom'd dart
Which cruel fate prepares.

But hark! Sweet Philomel complains!
Oh melody divine!
Her's, too, are melancholy strains,
But softer far than mine.

Proceed, lov'd bird! thy griefs unfold,
Nor let me mourn alone;
To hear thy woes so sweetly told,
I e'en forget my own.

EDWIN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## PHILANTHROPHY.

SHOUT and rejoice, ye sons of fate forlorn,
Misfortune's children cease awhile to weep.
Thou mournful captive of the gloomy cell,
Cast off the chains that wring thy tortur'd soul,
And hail approaching liberty and life.
See, from on high, the brightest child of Heav'n!
Celestial offspring of celestial love!
Philanthrophy divine! see! she descends,
And in her hands is universal alms;
Love in her eye, and in her aspect, peace.
Methinks I see thee lift the hopeless latch,

Turn

Turn on its pond'rous hinge the massy door,
To heal the broken heart, and set the captive free.

Restor'd to friendship,
Life, society, misfortune's luckless child,
Observe the African, worn with toil and pain,
See! on his back the barb'rous lash
Of vile oppression's scourge; his body sinks
Beneath a weight of woes; claims soft pity's tear,
And at his sufferings melts the feeling heart.
Reverse the scene, and gen'rous Britain see!
See! from amidst her patriot, godlike band,
Her second Howard, England's Wilberforce,
Who, warn'd by virtue's sympathising call,
Gave slaves t' enjoy what avarice had crush'd;
Gave to the wife her long lamented spouse,
Restor'd the father to his weeping child,
And to the mother gave her banish'd son.
Afric will hail the charitable deed;
Her swarthy millions, darkening the day,
In grateful shouts proclaim Britannia's fame.
Oh may my bosom foster thee with care!
Enrich it Heaven with a guest so pure!
But should misfortune crush my soul to earth,
Then let me feel thy heav'nly influence;
Then let a sympathising brother give
Oil to my wounds, and to my sorrows balm!

*Camborne, Cornwall.* J. B.

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## SIMILE.

THO' sweet the breath of vernal hours,
When garlands hang on ev'ry thorn,
When ev'ry path is strew'd with flow'rs,
And op'ning rose-buds greet the morn,
Who knows what blasts may yet arise?
However sweet, however gay,
The blossom may our hopes betray,
It is th' autumnal fruit we prize.

Alas! the same precarious fate
Attends on childhood's pleasing shew;
The parent views, with hopes elate,
His favourites round his table grow;
Who, lost to worth, in riper years,
To duty lost, may yet conspire
To wring thy heart, unhappy Sire,
And drench thy furrow'd cheek in tears.

While the poor child of homelier mien,
Who in the corner sits forlorn,
Sobs hourly at parental spleen,
And eats his bitter bread of scorn,
Untainted by the pamper'd crew,
And faithful to affection's call,
Perhaps in his paternal hall,
Shall trim the lamp of joy anew.

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## *The* GRAVE.

GRAVE! the guardian of man's dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!